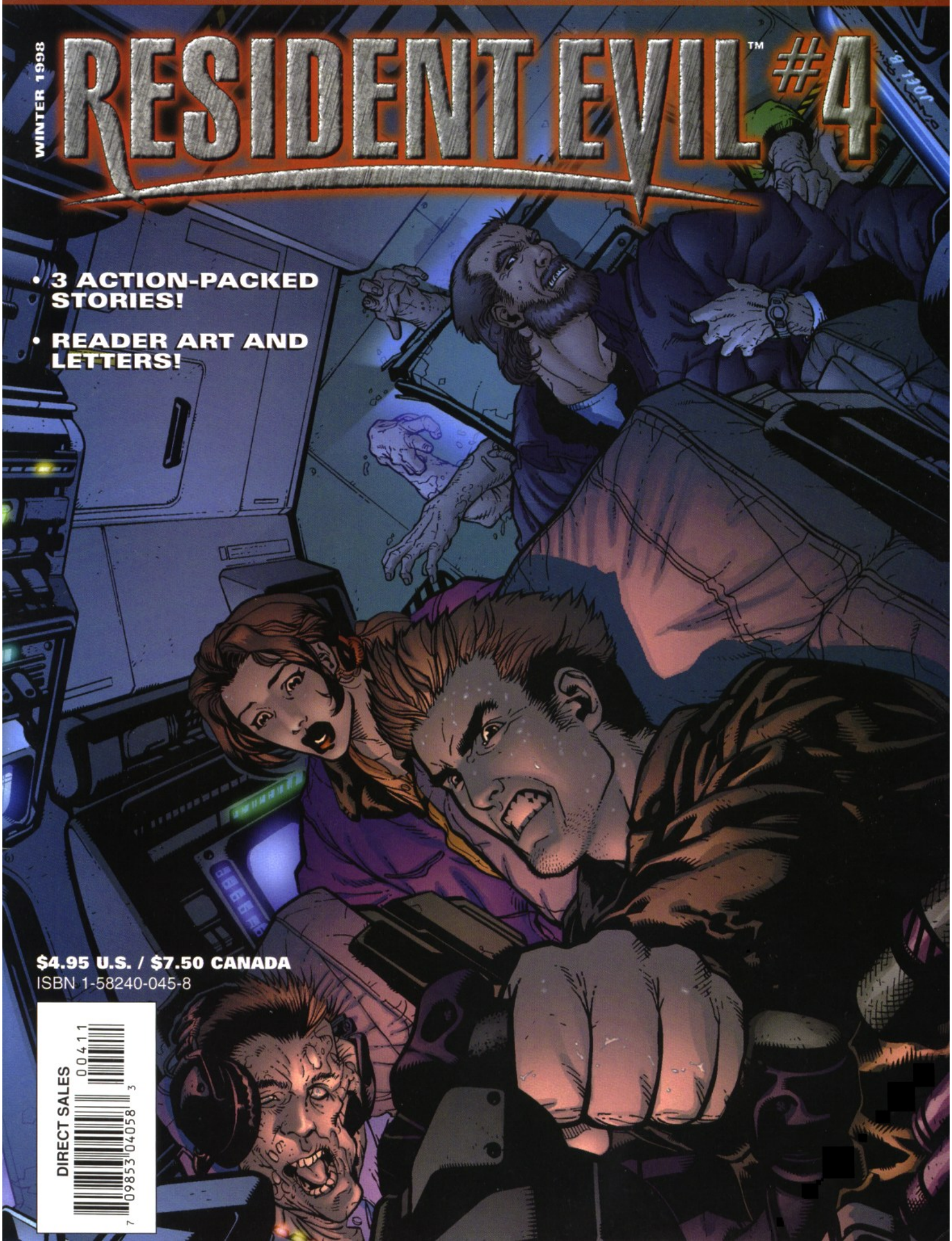
THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK MAGAZINE!

WINTER 1998

RESIDENT EVIL™ #4



- 3 ACTION-PACKED STORIES!
- READER ART AND LETTERS!

$4.95 U.S. / $7.50 CANADA

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DIRECT SALES

IN THE SMALL TOWN OF SAGUARO WELLS, THE PACE OF LIFE IS SLOW.
NEIGHBORS KNOW EACH OTHER'S BUSINESS, AND BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST.
GARTH RULZ
...AND TIMMY JOHNSON'S BEEN MISSIN' SINCE TUESDAY.
I HEARD THAT RUBY SUAREZ AND HER BOYFRIEND ARE MISSIN' NOW, TOO. SOMETHIN' CRAZY'S GOIN' ON HERE.
THEM DAMN GANGS FROM THE CITY ARE COMIN', I TELL YA!
IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THE CREEPS, THEY'RE--
WHAT IN THE HELL!?!?

SKREEEE
SKREEEE
SKREEEE
SKREEEE
JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
NIGHT STALKERS
KRIS OPRISKO
STORY
RAFAEL KAYANAN
PENCILS
MARK PENNINGTON,
MARK IRWIN,
& JASON MINOR
INKS
ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS
WILDSTORM FX
COLORS

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, DR. CALLOS. TWO MORE SUBJECTS HAVE BEEN PROCURED.
EXCELLENT, VEDLEY. CALL THE CREATURES HOME.
EMERGENCY CONTROL
ATTACK
RETURN
SUBDUE
KILL
SKREEEE
SKREEEE
SKREEEE
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE SOME MORE COMPANY, FOLKS. A FEW MORE OF YOU AND WE CAN BEGIN THE TRANSMUTATION PROCESS.
THANKS TO UMBRELLA, THOSE FOOLS WHO DENIED ME FUNDING FOR MY DREAM WILL SOON BE DROWNING IN THEIR OWN BLOOD.

SAGUARO WELLS SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
CALM DOWN, BOYS.
NO! WE WANT ACTION.
I SAY WE FORM A POSSE AND SCOUR THE HILLS. SAGUARO WELLS DONE LOST EIGHT GOOD PEOPLE ALREADY.
NO, DAMN IT! WE'LL DO THIS THE PROPER WAY. I'LL HAVE NO FRONTIER JUSTICE PRACTICED IN MY JURISDICTION.
I KNOW EVERYONE'S UPSET, AND RIGHTLY SO. I JUST NEED MORE TIME TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS. GO ON BACK HOME NOW.
SHERIFF
ALL THE DISAPPEARANCES HAVE TAKEN PLACE AT NIGHT, SO STAY IN YOUR HOMES COME NIGHTFALL.

THAT VERY EVENING, A STRAY CALF KEEPS YOUNG WAYNE CAREY OUT IN THE DESERT LONGER THAN HE HAD ANTICIPATED.
HURRY UP, GIRL. WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK TO TOWN BEFORE IT GETS MUCH DARKER.
LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT! WITH ALL THOSE RUMORS FLOATING AROUND, I DIDN'T WANT TO--
NOOO!
JUST-- JUST STAY BACK.
NOT GRACIE!
SHRRKK
MROOOO

HELP ME!!!
BAM
HOLY CRAP, WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?
THEY'VE GOT LITTLE WAYNE CAREY! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
BAM
BLAM
BAM
BLAM

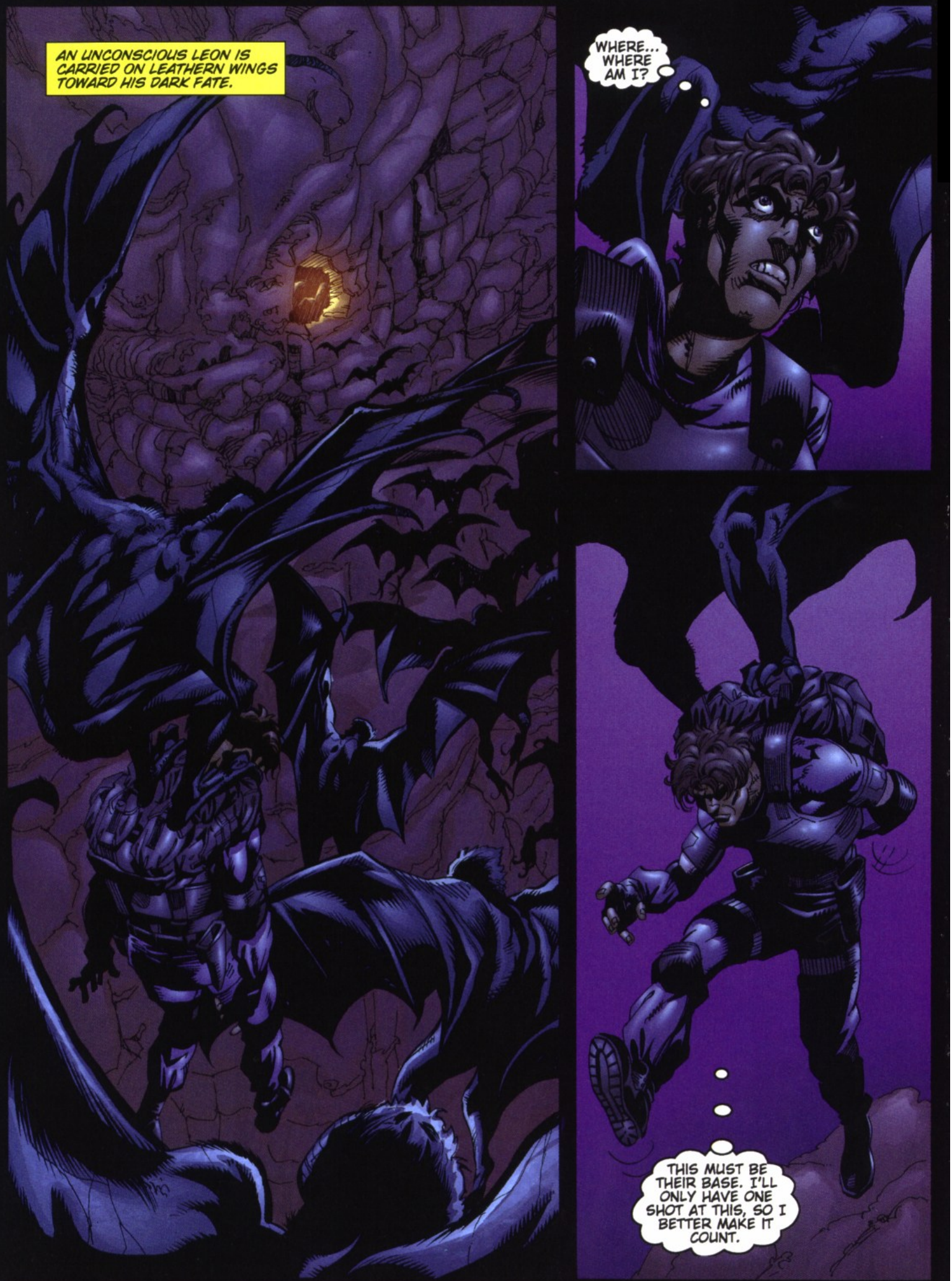
WHERE IS WAYNE? HE SHOULDA BEEN BACK AN HOUR AGO.
SHERIFF
WAYNE!
SHERIFF
WE SAVED YOUR SON, SHERIFF, BUT JUST BARELY. SOME SORT OF GIANT BAT-MONSTERS WERE ATTACKING HIM.
IS HE...?
HE SHOULD BE FINE. LOOKS LIKE HE'LL JUST NEED A COUPLA STITCHES TO CLOSE THAT WOUND.
SHERIFF DEPT
OH THANK GOD. GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL-- NOW!

Officer's Log. Leon S. Kennedy. Currently en route to Saguaro Wells, Nevada, population 472.
Strange disappearances have been taking place around town over the last two weeks, culminating in an attack on the Sheriff's son a few days ago. The assailants have been described as bat-like creatures of human proportions.
The victim was taken to the local hospital and treated for a neck wound and loss of blood.
The next night, the victim's vital signs became very peculiar, and his skin began to rot.
By morning, he'd become a full-fledged zombie. Heroic efforts were needed to subdue the victim.

When I saw these reports come over the wire, I knew right away Umbrella had to be involved. I arranged for backup and hit the road.
After what happened in Raccoon City, I vowed to do whatever it takes to stop Umbrella, wherever they appear.
UMBRELLA LABORATORY.
BUT DR. CALLOS--
I DON'T WANT EXCUSES! I WILL NOT ACCEPT ANOTHER BOTCHED MISSION!
WE NEED ONLY ONE MORE SUBJECT TO BEGIN THE NEXT STAGE OF TRANSMUTATIONS. THE COMMON BATS ARE NOT AGGRESSIVE ENOUGH, BUT IF WE CAN SUCCESSFULLY FUSE THE HUMANS WITH VAMPIRE BATS, THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN STOP US!
I WANT A FULL INCURSION TEAM OUT AT DUSK. IF THEY FAIL THIS TIME, THEY'LL HAVE YOU FOR LUNCH!

NIGHTFALL, SAGUARO DESERT.
EVERYONE IN TOWN'S BEEN STAYING IN THEIR HOMES WHILE IT'S DARK, SO I'M BETTING I WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR THEM TO SHOW UP.
THEY NEVER TOLD ME IN THE ACADEMY THAT I'D END UP AS LIVE BAIT!
IT'S SHOWTIME, BABY!
THUK
KA
FWAK
TUNK

POW
UGH! THESE THINGS DON'T DIE EASY!
BAM
POW
TOO MANY... CAN'T HOLD OUT!
SKREEEE


AN UNCONSCIOUS LEON IS CARRIED ON LEATHERN WINGS TOWARD HIS DARK FATE.
WHERE... WHERE AM I?
THIS MUST BE THEIR BASE. I'LL ONLY HAVE ONE SHOT AT THIS, SO I BETTER MAKE IT COUNT.

SNIK
IF MY TIMING ISN'T PERFECT, THEY'LL BE SCRAPING ME OFF THE ROCKS.
KA
TUNK
SKREEEE
UGGH...

KILL IT. ITS CRIES ANNOY ME.
FAILURE AGAIN! I WARNED YOU ABOUT THIS, VEDLEY.
BAM!
SKREEEEE
SKREEEE
SIR, THEY'RE TURNING ON US!
SUBDUE
THAT'S WHAT MY BRAINCHILD IS ALL ABOUT, VEDLEY. TOTAL CONTROL.

NOW, AS I PROMISED, YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR FAILURE.
KILL
NOO! AAAAAAAAAAAA
SKREEEE
SKREEEE
SKREEEE
SO THE MACHINE'S CONTROLLING THEM. BASED ON THAT ARRAY, IT LOOKS LIKE A SONAR DEVICE.
NOW GET TO WORK, THE REST OF YOU, OR YOU'LL SHARE VEDLEY'S FATE.
I WILL DELAY THE TRANSMUTATION NO LONGER. ONCE WE'VE SUCCESSFULLY TRANSMUTATED THE VAMPIRE BATS WITH THE HUMANS, THEY WILL BE THE PERFECT WAY TO SPREAD THE G-VIRUS AMONG THE GREATEST NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME.
BONDRA, YOU REPLACE VEDLEY. SEND THE BATS OUT TO ELKO. IT'S A BIGGER TOWN, BUT THE TIME FOR CAUTION HAS PASSED. I WANT MORE SUBJECTS TONIGHT, FOR WE BEGIN TOMORROW.

DAMN! A SQUADRON OF BATS SPREADING THE G-VIRUS WILL BE NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP. I'VE GOT TO END THIS NOW.
HOURS LATER, AS LEON SITS PLANNING, THE BATS RETURN WITH THEIR HAPLESS VICTIMS.
THIS SHOULD BE ALL I NEED.
EVERYTHING RIDES ON THIS TINY POCKET GENERATOR.

AS NIGHT FALLS AGAIN OVER THE SAGUARO DESERT, THE BATS STREAM FORTH.
BUT THIS TIME, THEY HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED TO GIVE DR. CALLOS AND HIS TEAM SOME PEACE WHILE THEY COMMENCE THE SENSITIVE TRANSMUTATION PROCESS.
MINUTES LATER, LEON PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION.
OK, LEADER ONE, I'M GOING IN. GIVE ME HALF AN HOUR, THEN RELEASE THE BIRDS.
LET'S ROCK!!

KILL HIM -- NOW!
STOP SHOOTING! DON'T DAMAGE THE CONTROLS!
OOOF!
SO THAT MACHINE DOES CONTROL THEM, EH?
INDEED IT DOES. TOO BAD YOU'LL TAKE THAT KNOWLEDGE TO YOUR GRAVE.

WHAP!
STOP HIM!
YOU SIMPLETON! YOU HIT THE "RETURN TO BASE" BUTTON!
THROW HIM OUT ONTO THE FLOOR. I WANT TO WATCH THE BATS RIP HIM APART.
WHO ARE YOU?
LEON KEN--
SKREEEE
NO MATTER, THE BATS ARE RETURNING. WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU'RE A DEAD MAN NOW.

SKREEEE
KLIK
ON

BA-DA-BOOM
THANK GOD IT WORKED! I KNEW I COULD OVERLOAD THE MACHINE AND BLOW IT UP, BUT I HAD TO GAMBLE THAT THE RESULTING SONAR SHRIEK WOULD MAKE THE BATS TURN ON THEIR TORMENTORS.
LOOKS LIKE THEY BORE A GRUDGE.
NO! STAY BACK!

THUP THUP THUP THUP
RIGHT ON TIME, GUYS!
AND THERE GOES THE AIR STRIKE. THAT MOUNTAIN WILL BE NOTHING BUT RUBBLE INSIDE OF FIVE MINUTES.
CHALK ANOTHER ONE UP FOR THE GOOD GUYS!
WAY TO GO, LEON.
COME IN, KENNEDY. PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO SECTOR 36-A. WE'VE GOT REPORTS OF MASSIVE G-VIRUS MUTATIONS ALL OVER THE AREA.
SO AFTER ONLY THE BRIEFEST RESPITE, UMBRELLA'S MOST DEDICATED FOE HEADS FOR HIS NEXT RENDEZVOUS WITH DANGER. REST WILL COME ONLY WITH ULTIMATE VICTORY.

OVER RACCOON CITY.
JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
SPECIAL DELIVERY
MARC MOSTMAN
STORY
RYAN ODAGAWA
PENCILS
JOHN TIGHE
INKS
ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS
WILDSTORM FX COLORS
SO, WHAT? WE FLY IN LOW, DEAD OF NIGHT, AND DROP THESE CRATES ON THE BACKYARD PORCHES OF UMBRELLA'S ENEMIES?
LISTEN, WE GET PAID TO DELIVER THESE PAYLOADS, NOT TO ASK QUESTIONS. WE'RE JUST MAKING SURE THERE'S NO LOOSE ENDS.
YEAH, WE'RE THE DELIVERY BOYS OF CERTAIN DOOM! HAH HAH!
X MARKS THE SPOT!
PACKAGE: Mr. X
DELIVER TO: R.P.D.
COORDINATES: 10:30.5
CARGO IS HOT...

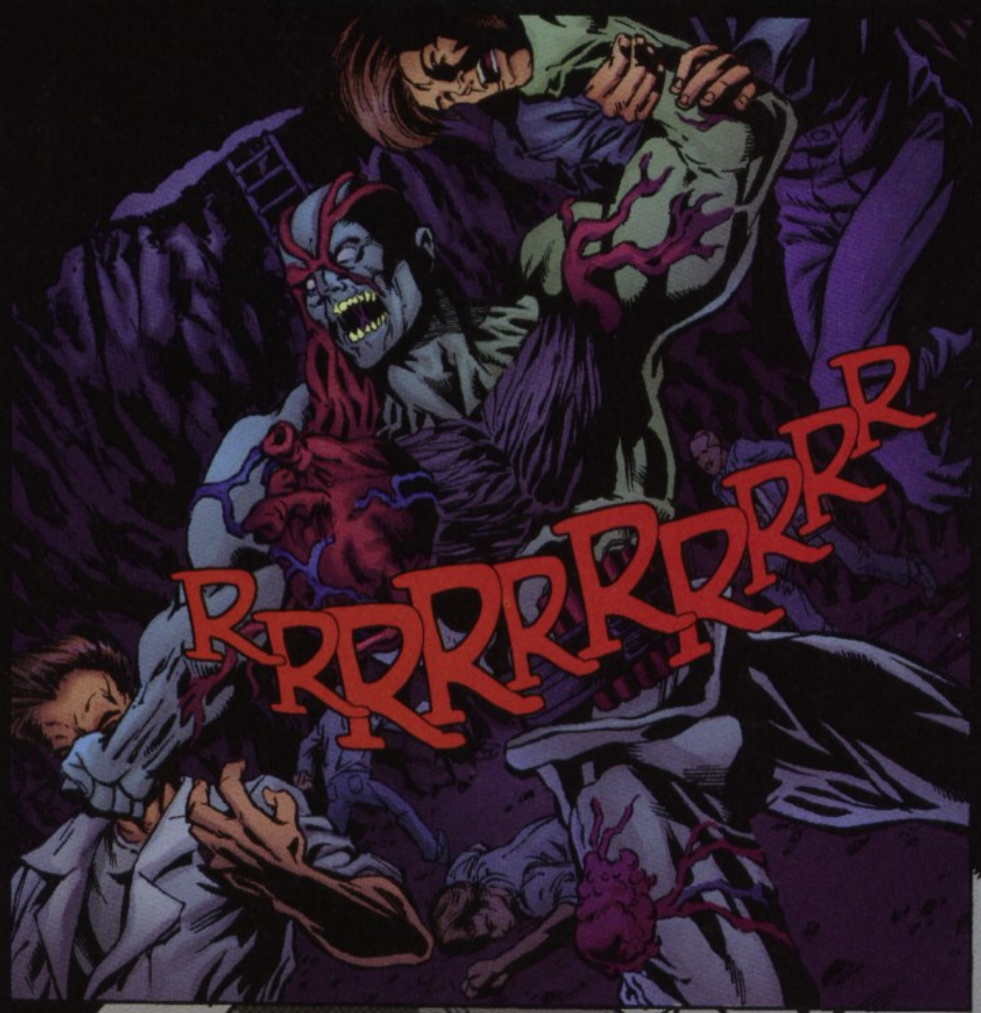
PING
CLICK
001
...CARGO RELEASED.
001
R.P.D., WE HAVE A SPECIAL DELIVERY--YOU ORDERED ONE BAD MOTHER?

the ow ove ock in d l

The Board of Directors of Frisson Chemicals, a growing rival of Umbrella Corp., fell victim to an apparent "labor dispute" that turned ugly.

PACKAGE: Tyrant
DELIVER TO: Villalob
Mine Shaft
COORDINATES: 52

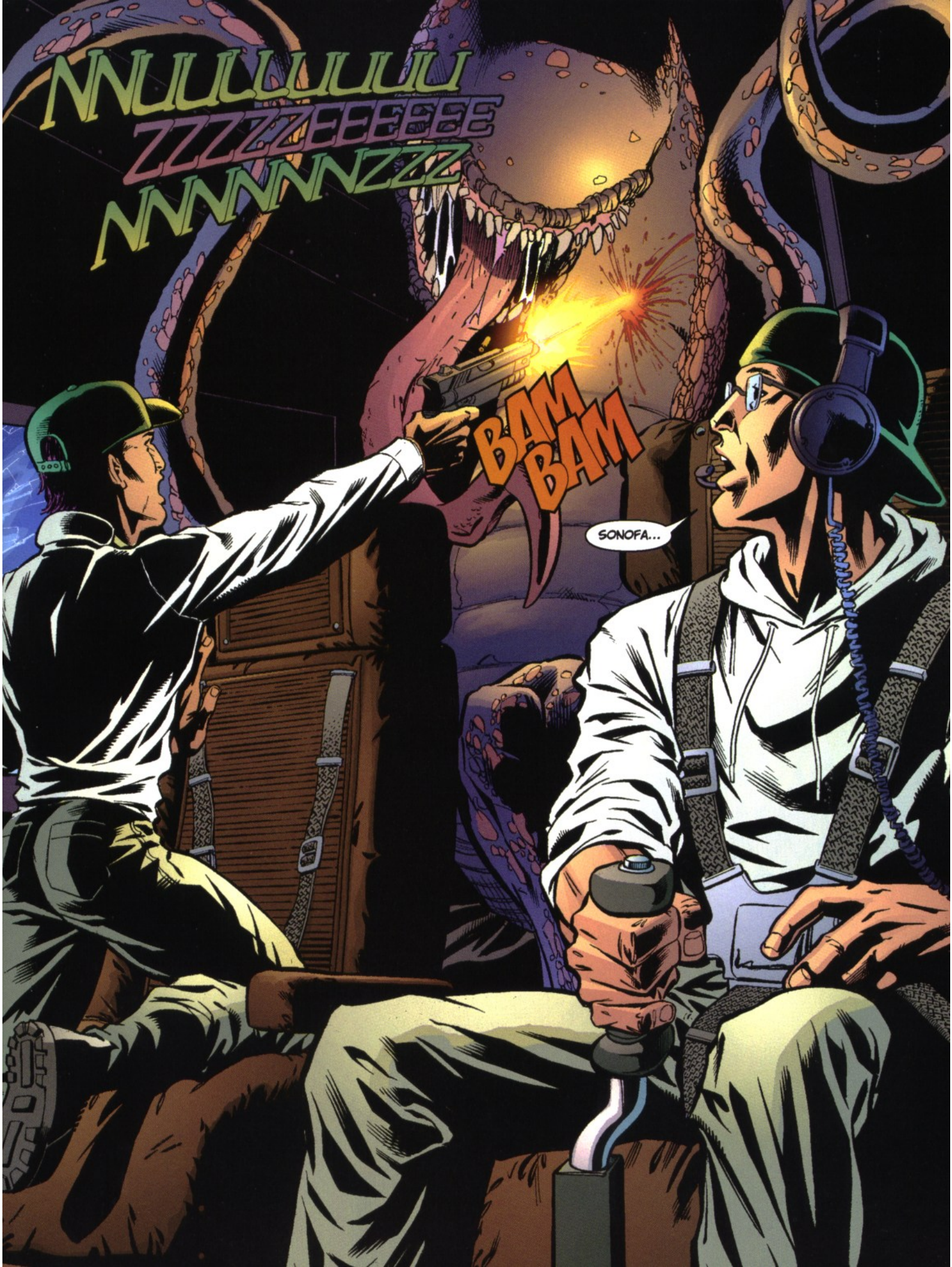
HE SHOOTS, HE SCORES!


RRRRRRRRRRR

Herald
A Cave-in at the Villalobos Mine
Rumor has it that the mine was in fact a hidden laboratory that was synthesizing possible antidotes to experimental viruses. Since the
mine has been considered abandoned, city officials have decided not to investigate further.

SAYS HERE, "DE-ACTIVATE CANISTER 004 AND RETURN TO HQ VIA RIVER-FRONT ENTRANCE."
OH WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OFF EARLY TONIGHT.
GOOD. I HEAR SAM JACKSON'S ON CONAN TONIGHT!
TIME TO COOL DOWN OUR CARGO. DEACTIVATING 004...NOW!
BOOP

PING
CLANK
CLANK
4
YOU HEAR THAT... MOANING?
BE COOL. WE'RE ALMOST HOME.
NNNUUUUUUUUUUUUUUZZZNNNNNNZZZZZ
CRASH
NNUUUULLUUUUZZZZZZEEEEEEENNNNNNZZZ


NNUULLUUUU
ZZZZEEEEEE
NNNNNNZZ
BAM
BAM
SONOFA...

WHAT... IS IT TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING?
NOOOOOLLLLOOOOOZZZZZZENNNNNZZZ
GAAAAAHHHH
SPLURTCH
=GLLLLLICK= CAN'T... HOLD...IT...
NOOOOOLLLLOOOOOZZZZZZENNNNNZZZ
NOOO... LOOOOSE... ENDS...

The Resident Evil Files

Zombie

Zombies are the most common monsters, and the easiest ones to kill. You can use almost any weapon to dispose of them. They usually are found in packs. Once a human is exposed to the T-virus, he or she slowly decomposes and becomes ravenous for human flesh. Because of the bodily decay, zombies move quite slowly. However, if you become trapped, they can kill you easily.

Art by Carlos D'Anda

Jill Valentine

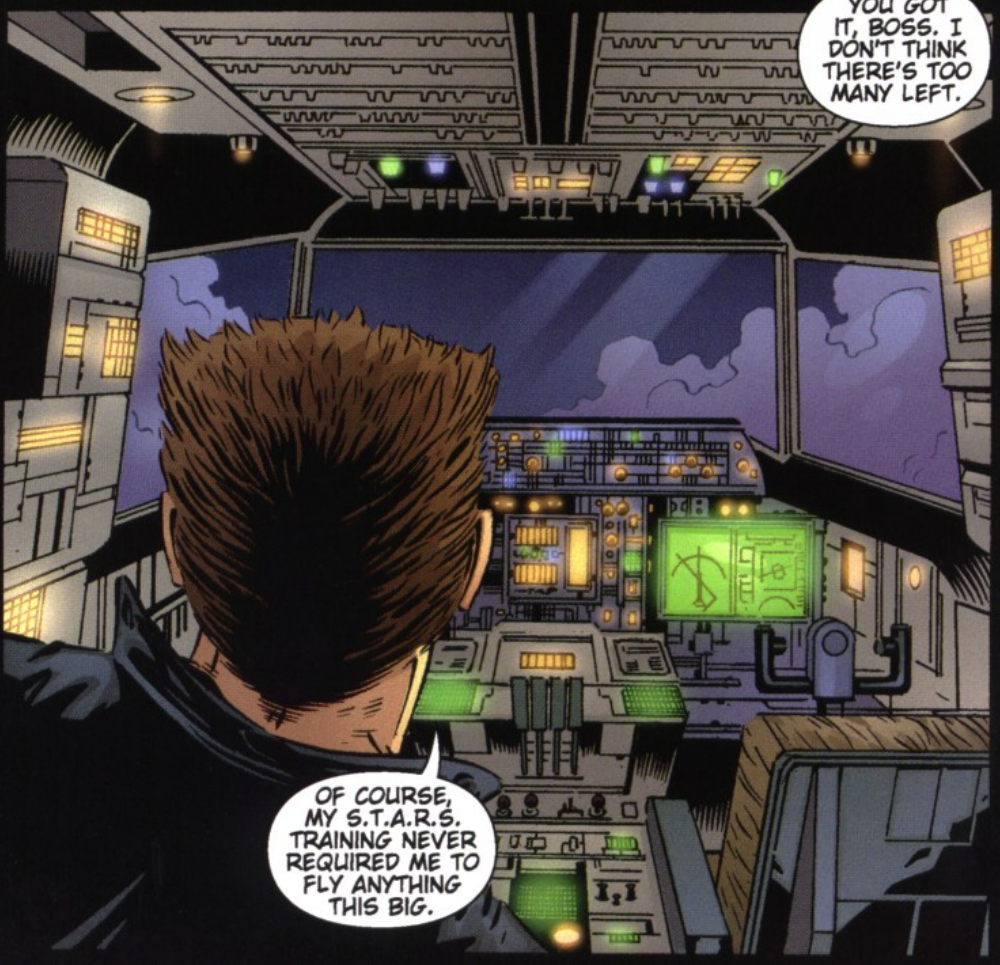
Age: 23
Blood Type: B
Height: 5'5"
Weight: 111 lbs.

Jill is an extremely capable soldier who has saved the lives of her teammates on numerous occasions. She is proficient with various mechanical devices, has a natural affinity for electronic equipment, and has a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry. These technical skills are balanced out by musical talent. Jill's strong moral convictions take precedence over ambition, as she fights only for what she believes in.

Art by Carlos D'Anda

CHRIS, I KILLED THE PILOT.
WHO'S FLYING THE PLANE?
CONTINUED FROM "DEAD AIR," RESIDENT EVIL #3.
JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
ZOMBIES ABROAD
TED ADAMS
STORY
NORMAN FELCHLE
ART
WILDSTORM FX
COLORS
ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS

FWOOSH
BARRY, YOU AND JILL KILL THE REST OF THE ZOMBIES. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT LANDING THIS THING.


YOU GOT IT, BOSS. I DON'T THINK THERE'S TOO MANY LEFT.
OF COURSE, MY S.T.A.R.S. TRAINING NEVER REQUIRED ME TO FLY ANYTHING THIS BIG.

HMMMM. I WONDER WHAT THAT ONE DOES?

OOPS.
SORRY ABOUT THAT.
THIS ISN'T SO HARD.
WATCH IT, CHRIS!
CHOP
THANKS!
WE KILLED ALL THE ZOMBIES.
JILL'S GETTING THE REST OF THE PASSENGERS CALMED DOWN.

HOW'S IT GOING IN HERE?
WE'RE ALMOST TO HEATHROW. THE TOWER JUST GAVE ME PERMISSION TO LAND AND CALLED IN THE EMERGENCY CREWS.
CROSS YOUR FINGERS. I THINK THIS IS GONNA GET BUMPY.
OH SH--!
SKREEEEECCCCCH!!
WE'VE GOT A LEAK, FALCON.
UMBRELLA OBVIOUSLY KNEW WE WERE COMING TO EUROPE TO LOOK FOR THEIR SECRET HEADQUARTERS. HOW ARE WE GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS MESS?
I'VE ALREADY TALKED TO THE AUTHORITIES, AND THEY'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF IT. YOUR PRIORITY IS FINDING OUT WHAT UMBRELLA IS DOING.
THE ONLY THING WE KNOW IS THAT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN ONE OF EUROPE'S MONUMENTS. YOU CAN START YOUR SEARCH HERE IN ENGLAND.

TOWER OF LONDON, ENGLAND.
WATCH IT, JILL! LOOKS LIKE UMBRELLA'S ALREADY BEEN HERE.
STAB
THIS GIVES A WHOLE NEW MEANING TO THE "CHANGING OF THE GUARD."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON, ENGLAND.
WHOA! NICE DIGS!
HUH? WHO'S THERE?
SLICE
I DUB ME KNIGHT OF THE ZOMBIE KILLERS!

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM, "THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, JACK THE RIPPER EXHIBITION," LONDON, ENGLAND.
SLICE
BLAM!
GEEZ! THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY ENOUGH WITHOUT ZOMBIES!
BLAM!
MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM, "GRAND HALL," LONDON, ENGLAND.
DAMN IT, CHRIS! EVERYWHERE WE GO, UMBRELLA IS ONE STEP AHEAD OF US.

EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS, FRANCE.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
THIS IS A WEIRD WAY TO TOUR EUROPE.

THE LOUVRE MUSEUM, PARIS, FRANCE.
WATCH THE VENUS!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
PTING!
I DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA BE INVITED BACK.

DE GOOYER WINDMILL, AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS.
I GUESS WE CAN RULE OUT ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND THE NETHERLANDS.
BLAM!
AIIEEEEEEE!
THUD!
PLENTY OF DEAD ZOMBIES, BUT NO HEADQUARTERS.

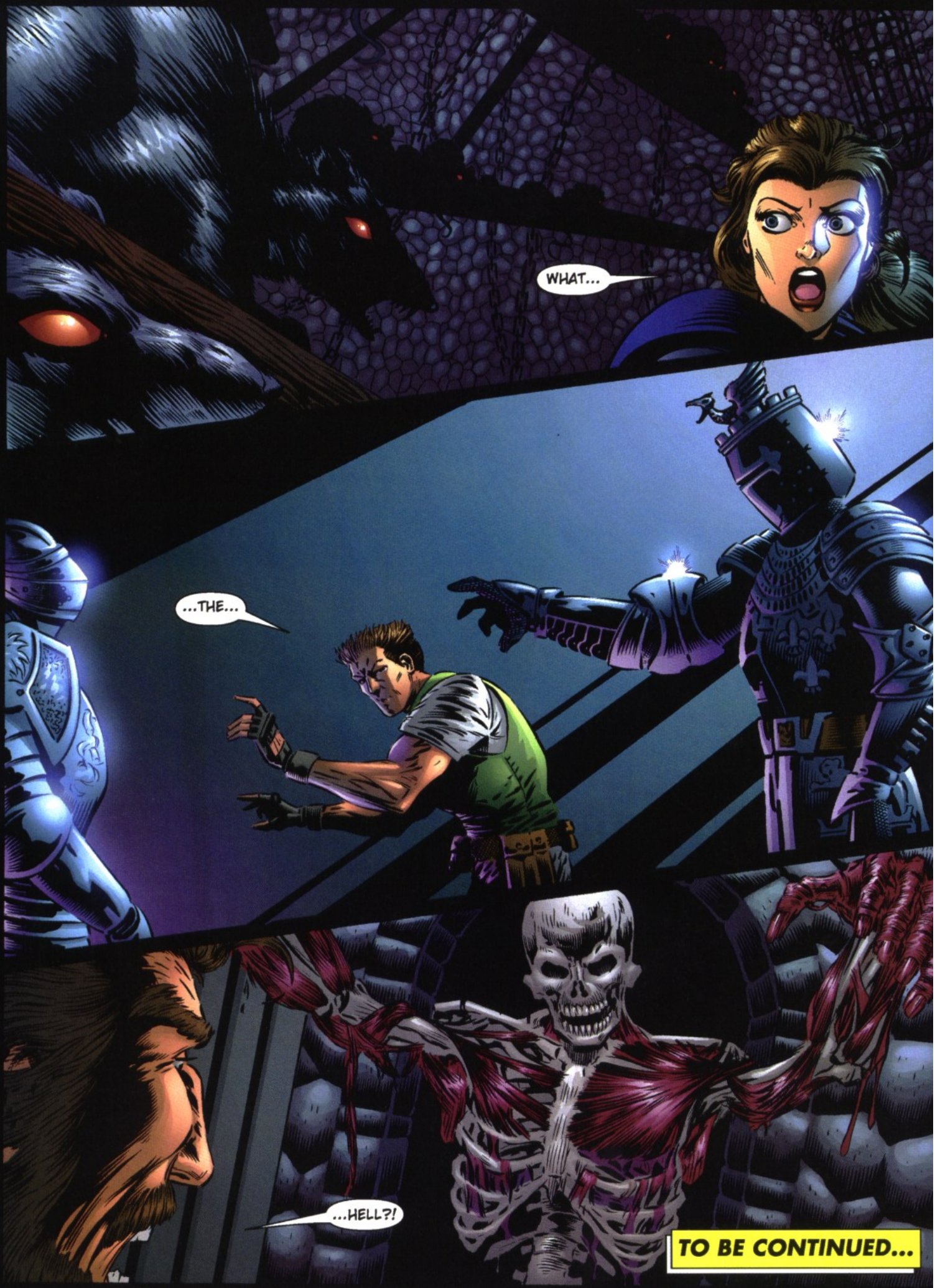
OKTOBERFEST CELEBRATION, MUNICH, GERMANY.
BAM!
BAM!
WELL AT LEAST WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF COUNTRIES.
YEAH, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OFF THIS TOUR.

QUECK CASTLE, FUSSEN, GERMANY.
THIS IS IT! ONLY MONUMENT LEFT.
THIS PLACE IS HUGE! LET'S SPLIT UP SO WE CAN COVER MORE GROUND.
I'LL TAKE THE STAIRS.
JILL, YOU TRY THAT DOOR ON THE RIGHT.
BARRY, CHECK OUT THE ROOM IN FRONT OF US.

CREEPY PLACE. HARD TO BELIEVE WHAT PEOPLE WILL DO TO EACH OTHER.
WHAT'S THAT?
HMMMM. LOOKS LIKE AN OLD PHOTO.
TWINS. WONDER WHO THEY ARE?
me and abe, 28th Birthday. Happy times!

MEANWHILE...
YOU COULD FEED AN ARMY IN HERE.
THE HELMET ON THIS SUIT OF ARMOR DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT FITS.
WHY WOULD SOMEONE SWITCH THESE AROUND?
CLICK!
WHERE'D THAT LIGHT COME FROM?
WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT'S THAT SAY?
KANE T VIRUS

MEANWHILE...
MOM WOULD BE SO PROUD, I CAN STILL READ MUSIC.
WOW! THAT'S A BIG ORGAN!
HMMMM. SOUNDS LIKE THE DEATH FUGUE.
HUH? A DRAWER?
November 3
I don't know what to do.
Kane injected himself and is exhibiting some strange symptoms.
November 15
Kane is worse than ever. I fear that he may be dying.
November 21
Kane has disappeared.
This will be my last entry.
I must focus on finding an antidote.
LOOKS LIKE IT WAS TORN OUT OF A DIARY.


WHAT...
...THE...
...HELL?!
TO BE CONTINUED...